Delirium - Fraction of a Degree

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Delirium - Fraction of a Degree

by reid_simp

Summary

He’s been struggling to look after the dogs. He'd realised then he wasn’t well enough to be on his own with them and had called Alana.

Will isn’t arrested for the murders, but is still very much struggling with the encephalitis, and the cause of his fever is yet to be found. He hasn’t been consistent with his antibiotics and Alana comes over to help him look after the dogs.

“Will?” Will sees the silhouette of Alana in the front doorway, but he can’t lift his head from the pillow. His hands haven’t stopped shaking since he shot Abel Gideon, and they’ve only gotten worse with each of the focal seizures he’s been having.

He’s been struggling to look after the dogs. Yesterday he called Hannibal to tell him he couldn’t come to his appointment – Alana had warned him not to drive in his state, and he still couldn’t bring himself to pay for an hour long cab ride. And he’s been falling asleep a lot; he probably wouldn’t make it through the session.

He has alarms set to feed the dogs, but yesterday he slept through both of them. He woke up at 2:50am to see Winston and Max working together to try to open the fridge containing their meat, and Jack and Harley working on the front door. He’d dragged himself up to open it for them, and managed to open the fridge and pull out some food.

He'd realised then he wasn’t well enough to be on his own with them and had called Alana. He said he was struggling and, if she wasn’t too busy, could she please come and help him feed the dogs. She'd immediately agreed, despite him making sure she knew she didn’t have to.

“Will, I've just let myself in, you left the door open.” Oh, well that explains why he’s shivering slightly. She sounds awfully concerned. She sounded concerned on the phone, too. She'd wanted to come immediately, but he assured her that he could make it to morning. She didn’t sound convinced but relented.

“Alana?” Will murmurs.

“Will, I think we should go back to the hospital. This isn’t safe.” She comes closer after giving a little attention to the dogs, kneeling beside the bed. “I’m really worried about you.”

“Mmm... I worried everyone enough the first time.” That’s not untrue, but the last time he was in hospital, Georgia died. The time before, his doctor. He doesn’t want to admit he’s scared to go back there. And his family, he’s known many to go in hospitals and never come out.

“That’s not true and you know it.” She pauses. I could take the dogs, unless you want me at the hospital with you. Or I can take them to Beverly; she loves looking after them. Please, Will. We're going to find out what’s wrong with you.”

Will loses the next three minutes to a seizure similar to the one at Hannibal’s house the night he shot Abel Gideon. When he ‘wakes’, Alana is putting leads on the dogs, their bowls freshly clean. Apparently, the seizure was the last straw. “There’s more food in the fridge, if they're going to Beverly’s.” He’s not got the energy to argue on the matter of the hospital. He’ll have to go again.

God, the noises of the hospital are worse than he remembered. They're still in the ER; it reassures him that his case can’t be too bad if he’s having to wait so long. Alana told him he’s practically on fire, and he’s sweating heavily. He's sweating heavily a lot recently. He’s

shaking more now, from nerves as well. When she called Beverly, Alana called Jack, and he's on his way over. Will tried to stop him because he's taking him away from his terminally ill wife, but Jack said he wanted to come.

"I want to go home," Will mumbled, exhausted.

"I don't think your home is a safe place for you right now. We're going to find out what's going on and sort it out. Then you can go home, and everything can go back to normal."

"But it's not normal, is it? I'm seeing stags everywhere, I killed Garrett Jacob Hobbs, and I felt good about it. I can't tell if it was just bringing him to justice that felt good. I can't tell..."

Four hours later, Will's blurry eyes are looking at an MRI of his brain. He doesn't need good eyesight to see how swollen it is. NMDA Receptor Antibody Encephalitis. Treatable.

They said he was fractions of a degree off frying his brain permanently. Everyone is relieved; this is a good thing. Alana leaves because there's been a big case and Beverly needs her to look after the dogs. Will makes Jack go home to his wife, and Will is alone.

Alone once more is how he falls asleep.

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